

Facts, Fiction, Fashions and Features of Interest to Women

The Marriage Mill

By Mildred K. Barbour.
(Copyright, 1920, by The
Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

XXIII—A TELEPHONE NUMBER.

"Larry! you can't mean it," cried Allison in amazement.

"He nodded grimly.

"Go and ask the clerk if you don't believe me. Wait a minute," he added, beginning to search his pockets. "Here, I still have the slip."

He handed her a tiny square of paper. She took it and read:

"Mr. Lawrence Osborne. Please call Maplewood, 593 immediately upon your arrival."

"Then it was Mother who called!" exclaimed Allison. "How do you suppose she guessed we were coming here?"

"Easy—we wouldn't have been likely to go anywhere but to town so late at night and this is the hotel we'd naturally stop at."

"But whatever could she want, calling us at this hour?"

Sudden alarm overspread her pliant face.

"You don't suppose anything is wrong, do you?"

"Of course not," he shrugged. "She probably only wants to tell you what she thinks of you for taking French leave. Maybe it's not your mother, but Cousin Barbara," she suggested grinning.

"Heavens, I hope not!" exclaimed Allison. "Do you think I had better call her back?"

"If you do, it will be over my dead body," Osborne answered determinedly.

"But it seems rather unkind not to," said Allison doubtfully. "Mother will likely be worried."

"Not at all. She'll finally decide that she didn't give us the message. You can call her in the morning before we leave on our motor trip."

"Very well," agreed Allison, "perhaps that is best, after all. But I feel like a little beast."

"Oh, cut it, Allison," he advised impatiently. "We've given this whole day to considering other people. It's about time we stopped to think about ourselves."

"And yet, as your mother says, our families have given twenty odd years to thinking about us. It doesn't seem fair somehow not to consider them."

"But, sweetheart, this is our honeymoon," he pleaded.

She looked at him pensively, her implacable eyes softened with an expression of sweetness and tenderness.

"Larry, I've learned that love isn't selfish at all. It makes you stop and consider other people more than you've ever done before."

What's in a Name?

By Mildred Marshall.

MURIEL

The quaintly demure Muriel is one of the oldest and most beloved of English names. Its earliest form, Meriel, is still in common usage abroad. It signifies "myrrh," the precious perfume of early Biblical days and a special reverence attaches to the name since myrrh was one of the gifts brought by the Wise Men to the newborn babe in the manger at Bethlehem.

Seldom in the history of etymology has a name preserved its original identity so faithfully as Muriel. It has suffered no change since Meriel was first taken from the Greek word meaning myrrh. Nor did it leave its native heath to undergo transformation by another language. No other country has an equivalent, even America transcribing it intact.

The moonstone is Muriel's talismanic gem. According to an old legend, it will endow her with the purity and beauty of the moonbeams which the ancients believed were imprisoned in the stone. It is likewise said to give her the gift of prophetic vision whereby she may read the future. Sunday is her lucky day and 2 her lucky number. The cornflower is her special bloom.

(Copyright, 1920, by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

World's Most Famous Ballroom Dancer Will Discuss Golden Rules of His Art



LEONORA HUGHES



MAURICE

"Maurice is the most famous ballroom dancer in the world. His name was a household word in the ballrooms not only of New York, but also of Paris and London, some years before the war. What he has to say, therefore, about modern dancing must carry considerable weight."

So says the Dancing Times, a monthly London magazine devoted to the tapersphere art, in writing of Maurice in its June issue this year. Maurice is a handsome young American of French ancestry, who is as much admired and feted in London and Paris as he is in New York.

Following upon his successful season of exhibition dancing in "The Cascades" in New York, Maurice and his pretty partner, Miss Leonora Hughes, have been the reigning sensation in the famous Piccadilly restaurant in London. Later they go to Aix-les-Bains and other noted French summer resorts before returning to the United States.

Excellent Advice

By DOROTHY DIX
(Copyright, 1920, by
Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

HONOR WHERE HONOR IS DUE

At the time of the new moon in September the Hindus held a solemn feast at which they pay honor to the tools with which they have supported themselves during the past year.

The farmer gathers together all of his plows, axes, spades and other tools and after having placed them upon a spot that has been previously purified he prostrates himself before them, and offers them sacrifice. The mason pays the same homage to his trowel and square; the carpenter to his hammer and axe; the butcher to his cleaver; the fisherman to his nets; the writer to his pen; the housewife to her domestic utensils, their jugs, and pots, and brooms, and embroidery frames, and rice mills and washing machines, and all the tools with which she has earned one's livelihood are considered to be household gods, worthy of the deepest reverence.

I think there is something very beautiful and touching in this custom, for surely there is some virtue in the tool that shapes itself to our hand so that with it we can create beauty and work that we can cause to bring forth fruits from the earth, rear habitations for man, and add to the joy and comfort of life. Surely we owe some gratitude to the instrument, unconscious though it be, that stands between us and our loved ones and want and poverty.

Personally, I know that I never pass a certain battered old typewriter without giving it a dainty cover or a loving little pat. For my particular household god has showered untold blessings upon me, and deserves at least a ton of incense burned before it as a slight token of my gratitude.

And I often wonder that a man can sell the store or office in which he has made a fortune. He should think that to him it would be a holy spot, the place where dreams come true, and that he would fall down and kiss its very threshold. Perhaps the reason that so many men who have made money in business lose it as soon as they leave it, is because the household gods are jealous gods, and punish those who are faithless to them.

Certainly the household gods reward true worshippers. Every time it is the man who loves the tools with which he works who makes the big success. It is the man who lays all that he has of mind and heart and body upon the altar of his profession who is given the great reward. He who sacrifices most to his calling, reaps most.

The idea of worshipping the tools with which you work will not appeal to many women. They can see how a great artist might worship his brushes, or a great actress her grease paints, or a great writer his pen, but when it comes to knowing how to use a cooking stove or a sewing machine, or a penicillinator—why that's another story.

They cannot see themselves knocking their foreheads in the dust before the gas range or the Light Running Domestic.

Yet of all women in the world, no

one has more reason to offer up her heartfelt thanksgiving to her household gods than has the purely domestic woman.

In the first place, if she will only let them, they cast about her a halo that can only be compared to the transforming effect of pink mosquito netting over a basket of green peaches. There is no other such alluring background for a woman as her own home. The dullest woman surrounded by her children, is as interesting at the head of a well spread dinner table. The homeliest woman becomes a Madonna when sufficient women become personages when they are at the head of a household.

To the married woman, her tools are her salvation, for with them she keeps her husband and her home safe. Age comes to her. Her beauty fades. Her figure loses its lightness and grace. Perhaps her mind does not keep step with her husband's, for rearing babies is no developer of wit and persiflage. It does not matter, if she is past mistress in running a house, and a good free-hand cook.

No. A gas range in a woman's hands is a thing to conjure with, and the spell it lays upon a man is one he rarely attempts to break. A broom is a fairy wand that she has only to wave and the most wandering old bachelor into a John-sit-by-the-fire who cannot be tolled away from his own clean hearth-stone. Comfort and order, these be the magic by which a wife holds the heart of her husband secure against the arts and wiles of vamps and sirens.

Well may women worship their cooking stoves, and mops and pails and brooms on the festival of the Household Gods, for there is power in them.

Fashionable Nancy



Natural phenomena occur. As Nancy's light-weight summer fur which nestles snugly at the throat is a warmish fad—as you will note. Some sacrifice all for their art. Nancy slaughters comfort to be smart.

(Copyright, National Newspaper Service.)

S. Mann Sons Company

THE RUBY CORNER PENN. AVENUE AT 8TH STREET

Open 9:15 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Bathing Suit Time

—To be satisfied come where you find well selected assortments. We have a remarkably good variety of styles, including Bathing Suits of cotton poplin, sateen, cotton surf satin and mohair, in all black, trimmed with white, green, red, Copenhagen, rose and purple, in conservative models, as well as the more elaborate. Priced from—

\$1.98 to \$12.95



—Jersey Swimming Suits, of cotton, wool and cotton mixtures, also all wool. In all colors and combinations, and in sizes from 34 to 50. Priced from—

\$1.98 to \$12.95

—Bathing Tights—Cotton and Wool Knit Tights, at—

\$1.00 to \$3.50

—Bathing Caps, plain or fancy, priced from—

25c to \$1.59

—Bathing Shoes and Slippers at 59c to \$3.98.

—Water Wings, a pair 50c

Kann's—Second Floor.

Marriage Licenses.

Thomas B. Montgomery, 40, and Orthilia Haggenmacher, 40, both of Washington. The Rev. G. O. Little. Theodore R. Smith, 37, and Augusta B. Cooper, 38, both of Washington. The Rev. W. F. Smith. Erven H. Mateny, 37, and Mary C. Pumphrey, 24, both of Germantown, Md. The Rev. J. H. Jeffries. Robert O. Smith, 24, of Dayton, Ohio, and Mae A. Mendall, 26, of Springfield, Ohio. The Rev. M. L. Rippy. Herbert M. Tomlinson, 29, of Detroit, Mich., and Anna M. Wilding, 24, of Washington. The Rev. T. J. Kervick. Clarence L. McDonald, 24, of Connelville, Pa., and Lillian C. Solomon, 23, of Uniontown, Pa. The Rev. A. E. Barrow. Grover C. Eyrick, 27, of Franklinville, W. Va., and Mary H. Teter, 18, of Riverton, W. Va. The Rev. J. H. Jeffries. George Emper, 32, of Cleveland, and Dorothy Kaye, 42, of Pleasantville, N. J. The Rev. J. E. Briggs. Edgar M. Carey, 36, and Birdie Bell, 18, both of Rectortown, Va. The Rev. F. E. Free. Daniel F. Newman, 35, and Mary E. Thomas, 28, both of Washington. The Rev. T. Williams. Harvey A. Truslow, 21, and Susie C.

D. C. WOMEN TO OPEN "Y" HOUSE IN PEKIN

An international hostess house is to be opened in Pekin this fall by Miss Florence M. Brown, recent general secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in Washington. Miss Brown will be hostess at the new house.

Miss Brown is now the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. F. Dow, in Rochester, N. Y. September 23 she will sail from Vancouver for Japan, where she will spend several weeks in Tokio before reaching Pekin.

Miss Brown has traveled extensively in this country and abroad and is considered peculiarly fitted for this work which she will start in China.

Richardson, 20, both of Brooks Station, Va. The Rev. A. Sayles. John W. Newcomer, 23, and Maude E. Paemmer, 21, both of Washington. The Rev. M. L. Rippy. Henry H. Lamar, 28, of Auburn, Ala., and Frances E. Sullivan, 28, of Birmingham, Ala. The Rev. J. J. Blair.

Daily Horoscope

This is an uncertain day, according to astrology, for conflicting influences disturb the Earth. While Mars, Venus, and Neptune are in malefic aspect, Jupiter, Saturn and Mercury, the seers declare, making for clashes with men who bear arms.

Europe will continue subject to a away making for grave international problems, but the United States will have a more peaceful home than far off countries that are subject to sinister rule of stars as well as of men.

Great drains on public funds will mark the autumn when there will be many extreme demands on the treasuries of states as well as on national appropriations.

Women are warned of the danger of indulging in nerves, for there is an aspect that seems to presage great increase of maladies of the brain.

After the war's awakening to the universal brotherhood ideal the reaction that has been evident will subside gradually during the next six months.

New discovery in methods of treatment for the insane are foretold. Occultists say that unseen entities that prey on the human mind will be recognized by men of science.

Money will continue to rule the world with an access of power. Revolutionary forces will be at work. It is again prophesied.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of a year in which some anxiety enters, but it should be merely a spur to extreme effort.

Children born on this day may be endowed with fine mental powers, but their personal charm may lead them into wasting time in social recreation.

Frock Is Like The Cloud With The Silver Lining



By CORA MOORE.

New York's Fashion Authority. Like a cloud and its lining is this youthful, summery party frock. The lace which forms the straight skirt is so filmy it looks very much like a spider's web, and permits the rose-knots of ribbon applied to the net skirt underneath it to show through—the only bit of color in the gray of the whole gown.

Over the lace skirt is draped an apron tunic of taffeta and silver lace. The tunic is cut in a narrow pleating. The sash, half a yard in width, is tied in a butterfly bow with two long ends that fall well below the skirt and form the back of the tunic.

A simple slip-on waist with lace underleaves completes the frock, which, incidentally, Louise Huff wears in "Dangerous Paradise."

Children's Sunrise Stories

By Howard R. Garis
(Copyright, 1920, by
Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

UNCLE WIGGLY'S CONCERT.

"Let's go to the movies tonight," Uncle Wiggly suggested. Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper one evening after supper in the hollow stump bungalow.

"That will suit me all right," the bunny rabbit answered. "What sort of a picture is it?"

"Oh, it's something funny, about how frogs got spotted and why a camel wears humps," said the muskrat lady.

"Good!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly. Then he brushed some dust off his pink, twinkling nose and put a little stove polish on his tail silk hat and said to Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy: "We're ready to go to the movies."

Uncle Wiggly and Nurse Jane were a little late, as Nurse Jane couldn't get her tail ribbon tied just to suit her, but at last they walked down the woodland path to where, in a great, big hollow stump, the movie show was held. The animals sat on toadstools for chairs.

"This is rather queer," said Uncle Wiggly, as they neared the place. "What is it?" asked Nurse Jane.

"Why, I don't hear any music at the movie show," went on the bunny rabbit gentleman. "Most always Mr. Lightning Bug, who runs the place, has a nice concert to entertain us, besides the pictures. I wonder what can have happened?"

"It is strange," agreed Nurse Jane. And when they reached the big hollow stump and went inside it was stranger still not to have any music.

"What's the trouble?" asked Uncle Wiggly of Grandpa Goosey Gander. "Is there a strike among the musicians?"

"No," answered Grandpa Goosey. "But the jitney on which they were coming to the movie theater broke down, so Mr. Mocking Bird, the leader, telephoned, and they won't be able to get here to play tonight."

"Oh, then, we'll have no music," said Nurse Jane, sadly.

"It doesn't seem so," quacked Grandpa Goosey.

"I am—very sorry, friends," said Mr. Lightning Bug, who ran the movie show. "But I can't give you a concert this evening."

"He made this little speech standing down in front with the light from some of his firefly friends turned on him. Afterward the fireflies made light shine through the moving pictures on the screen. While the lights were turned on brightly Uncle Wiggly looked among the audience.

"There is no reason why we cannot have some music," said the bunny gentleman.

"How can we have it when there are no musicians here to give the concert?" asked Mr. Lightning Bug. "Ah, but we have plenty of musical folk among the audience!" laughed Uncle Wiggly. "Jollie and Jollie Longtail, the mice, can squeak as well as any fife. Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels, can chatter like canary birds, almost. I hear some crickets outside, and they can cheerfully chirp. Bully and Bawdy No-Tail, the frog boys, will go 'Umph-Umph' like the big drum, and many others will help make a concert."

"Oh, yes! Let's make our own music!" cried the animal friends.

"Very well, you may try," said Mr. Lightning Bug.

"All ready! Start!" called Uncle Wiggly, waving his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch.

So the crickets chirped. The frog boys went 'Umph-Umph' like a big drum. Some grasshoppers came in and played like fiddles on their left hind legs. The squirrel boys chattered loud and shrill like birds. Jackie and Peetie Bow-Wow, the dogs, howled the high note like trombones, and Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbits, hollowed out a pumpkin, strung some strings of grass over the open end, and Noddie and Beekie Stubbytail, the hedgehog and girl, picked the strings with their long claws, making music like a banjo.

"Now, could any music be better than this?" cried Uncle Wiggly, as some tree toads whistled softly.

"It is a fine concert," said Grandpa Goosey, and he and Nurse Jane



Uncle Wiggly and Nurse Jane were a little late.

all of a sudden along came the bad old Skuddlemagoon. He knew Uncle Wiggly was in the movies and was going to get the bunny's house. But just then the concert musicians began to play some sweet sad music, and it made the Skuddlemagoon feel so ashamed of himself that he sneaked off in the dark and didn't try to get any house at all. And everybody said the bunny's concert was just fine. So if the ice pick doesn't jump out of the refrigerator and try to poke a hole down the mosquito screen, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the squitter clam.

THE HEAD NURSE SAYS:

GAUGE SUMMER DIET

As the mercury climbs we naturally eat less protein food, so meat is omitted from our dietary schedule at least one day a week—perhaps oftener. If we are going to substitute vegetables we must see that they are properly prepared. In general poorly cooked vegetables are less digestible than poorly cooked meats.

So the attempt to live on a purely vegetable diet under the actual conditions of modern life is to risk impairing the digestion. After using canned vegetables the average housewife forgets how long the various fresh vegetables require. The time for cooking depends on the kind, size and age of vegetables and one must use judgment rather than depend entirely on the time table. However, in a general way the following table might be used as a guide:

Asparagus	30 to 45 min.
Beans (string)	1 to 2 hrs.
Beans (lima)	1 to 1 1/2 hrs.
Beets	1 to 2 hrs.
Cabbage	1 1/2 to 2 hrs.
Cauliflower	1 1/2 to 2 hrs.
Carrots	30 to 40 min.
Corn (green)	15 to 20 min.
Onions	40 to 60 min.
Parsnips	1 to 2 hrs.
Potatoes	20 to 40 min.
Peas	30 to 40 min.
Spinach	20 to 30 min.
Squash (summer)	20 to 45 min.
Turnips	40 to 60 min.

(Copyright, 1920, by The M-C Syndicate.)

VACATIONISTS!

Let The Washington Herald follow you on your trip to mountains or seashore. No vacation is complete without The Washington Herald. It adds to the pleasure of your recreation. Before departing, phone Main 3300 and keep in close touch with the events of Washington and the world in general.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she enjoys a crowd but after all there's nothing pleasanter than a nice long monologue between two intimate friends.



Why?

do thousands of housewives praise Auth's Pork Products? —Because they measure up to every demand.

N. Auth Provision Co.

623 D St. S. W.